

Shankar

But do you know, Sire, you
are
carrying on this war with a
woman,
and she is your Queen ? Our
King is
merely espousing her cause,
being her
brother, I ask you, is it
king-like,
or man-like, to magnify a
domestic
quarrel into a war, carrying it
from
country to country T

King

I warn you, old man, your
tongue
is becoming dangerous. You
may tell
the Queen, in my name, that
when
her brother, Kumarsen, owns
his de-
feat and surrenders himself
into our
hands, the question of
pardoning will
then be discussed.

Shankar

That is as impossible as
for the
morning sun to kisa the
dust of the